

The Magazine Of

FUN



AN UNUSUAL FEATURE
GIRL GOES TO DANCE—Then Goes Home:
PUTS ON SOME MORE CLOTHES—And Goes To Bed.
In This Issue

Midsummer Number

1921

The Magazine of FUN

Application made for entry as second-class matter at the postoffice of Chicago, Ill. Subscription price by the year, two dollars. Single copies, twenty cents. Original material solicited and should be accompanied with return postage in case of rejection. Not responsible for material lost in mails. Published monthly by The Magazine of FUN, 800 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Copyright 1921 by The Magazine of FUN.

Vol. I

AUGUST, 1921

No. 1

Abandon gloom, all ye who enter here!

"Arma virumque cano, Troiae qui primus ab oris."

I sing
Of The Pelican,
That gay bird from Cal.,
And of The Wampus and The
Chaparral.
O Muse! Lend ears
To Lord Jeff, Voo Doo
And The Purple Cow,
Gargoyle, Frivol,
And Widow.
Showme The Lemon Punch
From The Punch Bowl—
A dash of Froth and

I will make
Virginia Reel.
Of Puppet and Panther,
Medley and Mink.
Jack O'Lantern and Dirge
Let me think!
Octopus, Sun Dodger, Scalper
And Lyre—
Jade, Burr and Sun Dial
Spirits mount higher.
The Brown Jug, The Hum B
The Juggler and Siren,
The Phoenix, The Wag Jr
Dodo and Banter.

RAW!

The night was raw,
The party rawer;
I wish that
I had never sawer.

We were both stewed,
She was the steweder;
I wisht to 'ell
I'd never knew'der.

Someone must lose—
I was the loser.
She craved more hooch—
Could I refuser?

The town was dry
And she was dryer;
White-mule was all
That I could buyer.

We found a still,
Approached it stiller,
And bought a quart
Of Red "Blues Killer."

Now she was sick,
But I was sicker;
So I laid off
This bootleg liquor.

They called it splint—
(Stirred with a splinter)—
And now she rests
Where they don't have winter.

GIRL GOES TO DANCE Then Goes Home—She Puts on More Clothes— GOES TO BED

Chapter I

A piercing scream rent the rented-atmosphere of the little house behind the fence just off the sidewalk

“Mother, mother, help, murder, fire help!” screamed the screamer.

Mother wiped her hands on her apron and went hurrying up the stairs to where her darling daughter lay prostrate across the bed. The night was a Saturday one and the darling daughter was kicking her clean bare feet up toward the ceiling and sobbing voraciously into the clean white pillow slip.

“What on earth!” expostulated the fond mother as she shifted her chewing tobacco over to the side where the hollow teeth were.

“My dress, my dress, oh, my dress,” came the muffled sobs from the pillow.

“Where is it?” expostulated the fond mother, shifting her chewing tobacco over to the side where the good teeth were.

“Lost! It’s lost! All is lost!” moaned the daughter, clutching for her hair on the foot of the bed.

“Quick!” expostulated the fond mother, swallowing her chewing tobacco in the excitement. “We must make another dress. You shall not miss this dance this night.”

Working like lightning the fond mother snatched

the mosquito netting off the foot of the bed and tore off a corner.

"How cold is the weather tonight, daughter?" she asked as she held up the piece of netting for inspection.

"Below zero," replied the daughter, clipping on a shoe horn as she got out of bed.

The mother tore her piece of netting in two, keeping the smaller piece and discarding the other.

By the time the darling daughter had her face painted and was standing over the radiator waiting for it to dry, the dress was complete.

Wrapping it around her waist she looked at the result in the glass.

"Hell!" she exclaimed, "I'll have to wash two inches further down.

"Hell!" exclaimed the mother, surveying the darling daughter closely. "It will take soap, too, and there is not a speck in the house."

"Honk, honk, a couple of more honks," honked a honker at the curb in front of the house.

Was the simp already arrived in his father's car to take the darling daughter to the darling dance?

"What'll I do?" wailed the daughter.

"Here are two cans of talcum powder. I'll get two more from my room!" exclaimed the mother, taking another chew of tobacco as she hurried away.

A few minutes later the simp and the darling daughter were on their way to the dance.

Chapter II

Daughter at the Dance

Social birds have it all over the human element in more ways than one. An ordinary being must pay a

dollar to see a good wrestling match. At a good social dance of any importance whatever there may be seen from forty to fifty continuous bouts of wrestling for nothing.

The only difference is that in an ordinary bout where they are only two participants one tries to put the shoulders of the other to the mat, while at a dance the idea seems to be that one party tries to wriggle out of the other's arms.

Perhaps there is some kind of a prize offered for the girl that can clinch and get out of it the most times in one night.

There should be because the work is hard.

It was to such a place as this that the simp led the darling daughter.

Unfed musicians gave vent to their wrath through various instruments of torture while the sons and daughters of bloated bond clippers tripped lightly about on each other's feet.

The face of an honest toiler appeared at the window that opened on the street. "Sure," he said, "it must be a large family and the little girls are having their nightly romp before they are tucked into bed."

The son of a paint wholesaler and the son of a doctor sat in a corner and congratulated themselves. "Surely," they said. "our fathers profit muchly by these dances."

Intermission came and the dancers filed out into the lobby of the hotel. A bathing suit salesman rubbed his eyes and wrote a wire to the house. "Surely," the wire read, "you must make up some more one-piece ladies' suits. They are all the rage here this year."

The smell of good white corn floated up from below. With one accord the masculine members of the party vanished in the direction of the smell. They went to drown their sorrows and to get drunk enough to remain through the rest of the dance.

Left alone the girls stood about in the lobby in little groups chatting about one another and admiring the darling daughter's dress.

The elevator boy came down, opened the door, looked in, slammed his door and went back up.

"I wonder," he said, "why they have undressed in the lobby."

The musicians got mad and started up again.

Clinch after clinch did the simp and the darling daughter clinch.

"Soft flabby hands on fat sweating backs while patent leather slippers chased gaily colored ones about the ballroom floor."

In the faint light of breaking day the simp stopped his father's car at the curb in front of the darling daughter's father's house.

Escorting her to the door he came back to the car, brushed the paint and powder off his shoulder, climbed in and started off.

The perfectly wonderful dance was over.

BEFORE .

There are meters of accents
And meters of tone;
But the best of all meters
Is to meet her alone.

After

There are letters of accent
And letters of tone;
But the best of all letters
Is to let her alone.

Little Casey's Wallop

An Ode to Babe Ruth

The field was black with thousands who had come to see
 them play;
For Bungville mixed with Bingville on that smiling day in
 May.
The fans had watched the rivals play for fifteen years or
 more.
And none could say which had the edge, or which was to
 the fore.

But now the count stood three to four, with Bingville in the
 lead,
The final inning was at hand, and Bungville was in need
Of some big slugger who could knock a "homer" o'er the
 fence,
And Bungville's stock dropped downward—there was none
 in evidence.

A Bungville rooter rose to go, and some few followed suit,
But loyal home-fans bawled them out and gave derisive
 hoot.
So now the stands had settled down to watch in said despair
Their team go down in sore defeat before them, sitting there.

Marooney lifted up a fly that dropped into the mitt
Of Bingville's first, who didn't need to move a step for it.
Bill Danford swatted hard a ball that cut the plate in two,
And covered first and second base, and almost third base,
 too.

But frantic signals cut him short and kept him safe on third,
While little Casey took a bat, and not a sound was heard.
For Casey never hit the pill, he didn't have the nerve;
He couldn't hit a slow, straight ball—let alone a curve.

Little Casey's face was blanched—his slender figure
drooped,
He could hardly see the bats when down to them he
stooped
To pick out one that he could wield, and not o'ertax his
strength;
He finally chose a feeble thing—short both in weight and
length.

When Casey took his station at the grimy, dusty plate,
The thousands gazed on Casey, and pronounced a tragic
fate.

His eyes were fixed unseeingly upon the pitcher's arm
Poised to fling the deadly sphere at Casey's wilting form.

The Bingville rooters saw with glee poor Casey standing
there,
They knew their whirlwind pitcher had scared Casey in
the air.
They shrieked, "Oh, see the sissy boy—some milk for mam-
ma's dear,"
And piled insult upon insult for poor Casey to hear.

And Bingville's pitcher eyed his man, a sneer upon his face,
He thought he'd never seen before so downright soft a case.
He braced his feet upon the ground and grasped the base-
ball—hard,
Then flung his muscled arm aloft—poor Casey was off
guard.

The stands rose up in one mad roar that crashed across the
field,
And little Casey's fear-blانched face a sickly grin revealed.
The crowd was clamoring for his death, but sudden stayed
their din
For Bingville's pitcher had wound up—and thrown a
second "in."

Casey swung his fragile bat upon the empty air,
He knew he couldn't hit that ball—what's more, he didn't
care.

He wanted just to get away from that blood-thirsty crowd.
That just to tear him limb from limb clamored long and
loud.

But suddenly he lost all fear, and set his face in hate,
He'd show them he could hit that ball that sped across the
plate.

The pitcher holds the spheroid high, and now he lets it go,
And now the air is shattered with the force of Casey's blow.

Oh, in that town of Bungville a crowd is going mad,
But not with hate and anger for that Bungville crowd is
glad;

And little Casey is a king—to have whate'er he'd will,
For Casey, little Casey—had connected with the pill!

In Siam

In far Siam there is a tribe,
A motley little clan;
The password of the order is
Aw-watt-an-aw-Siam!

Coming Up

Little Willie, rough as hell,
Shoved his sister down a well;
And his mother, drawing water,
Said, "It's hard to raise a daughter."

"What a splendid fit," said the tailor, as they carried the
epileptic out of the shop.

AT THE BANK

Souse (producing roll)—What (hic) can I get for this?

Teller—Four per cent.

Souse (handing over roll)—Good boy! Wrap up the whole
works.

Alone in a Wicked City

Or

The Reward of Virtue

"No, Lemuel, I must follow my career.

With a far-away look in her limpid orbs, Lucretia, the Lass of Mount Lassen, bade a humid farewell to the manly ranch-hand who for eleven long years—yea, even from the time when they had made mud-pies together on the shores of Crooked Creek—had paid ardent homage to the comely maid of the mountains. But even though Lucretia cared for Lemuel in a general way, she had been adamant throughout, for she possessed a marvelous voice. Had not her rendition of Turkey in the Straw, at a church social, two years before, been declared the sensation of the musical season? Ever since that wonderful night, Lucretia had dreamed of the life of a diva. Surely, such a voice as hers was not born to sound unheard among the lofty crags of the mountains. So, with her savings safely concealed in the First National Bank, just below her starboard knee, Lucretia mounted the family surrey, drawn by Herman, the asthmatic mule whom she had know from childhood. Tears filled Lucretia's beautiful eyes as she glanced over her shoulder for the last time at the assembled family, at Lemuel, and at the old homestead—the picturesque log cabin, covered with its Virginia creeper and its San Francisco mortgage. A tear fell tinkling down her epiglottis.

"No," she told herself, "I must not weaken now. I shall be brave, and perhaps some day, when I am a great singer, I shall return."

Grasping her umbrella, she dealt Herman a terrific blow. Herman started uneasily, and broke into a slow walk. In less than half an hour the old home was out of sight around a near-by bend in the road.

II

A year passed, and Lucretia, her spirit severely broken, was earning barely enough to keep body and soul together. Her beautiful voice had failed to impress the unsympathetic and prejudiced people of the city. So now, instead of lifting her voice in such classic numbers as *The Sextette* from Lucia, or *Don't Censure Her, She Done It for the Best*, Lucretia's repertoire was limited to "One up!" "A stack of wheats!" or "Adam and Eve on a raft!" Yes, gentle reader, our poor Lucretia was hashing. Ah, the pathos of it! One so young, so innocent, and

thrown into the evil influence of a low steak bazar. It was terrible work; not only were there the wails of the customers, when they received their checks, but the moral influence was unspeakable. Lucretia was being pursued by the head waiter.

Late one evening, as Lucretia was preparing to leave for her dingy apartment, over a glue factory, this wolf in sheep's clothing approached, his unhealthy face distorted by a wicked leer. Fearing for the worst, Lucretia called up all her reserve courage and faced him.

"What say to a movie, kid?" he asked.

Then it was that Lucretia rose to the heights of womanly dignity.

"Go before I crown you," she replied, haughtily, as she strode through the door.

The head waiter scowled after her.

"Just wait, me proud beauty," he hissed through his mustache. "We shall see."

III

Three nights later, as Lucretia was donning her faded millinery, the head waiter approached her again.

"How about that movie, Little Bright Eyes?" he insinuated.

But this time Lucretia was prepared. Lifting her threadbare skirts, she kicked him squarely in the shins. With a snarl of rage he seized her and planted a passionate kiss upon her ear.

Then there was a dull, sickening thud, a clanking of metal, a strong odor of coffee, and Lucretia swooned.

* * * * *

When Lucretia regained consciousness strong arms were about her. Remembering the head waiter, she struggled to free herself. Then a familiar voice fell upon her ear.

"Calm yourself, my own," came the soft drawl of Lemuel. "I followed you from the mountain fastnesses to be near in case of war or national calamity. For this long year I have worked as a dummy in the clothing store across the street. Tonight, as I left the show window, I saw you struggling with this loathsome brute. So I come over and bent the coffee urn over his dome. Ah, Lucretia, fly with me! Come away to the lofty mountains, where we shall be united in Holy Deadlock, and spend the rest of our lives galloping from crag to crag on the broad back of Herman!"

Lucretia closed her eyes.

"Anywhere with you, old thing," she warbled.

And that night, as the clock in the steeple chimes one, Lucretia and Lemuel might have been seen, side by side, clinging to the brake-beams of an outbound freight.

Aleck Sharp Applies for Position at Menlo Park

College Student Hopes for Position with Thomas A. Edison

Aleck—I'm looking for a job.

Edison—All right, I have a few questions for you. Give two good reasons why you left college.

Aleck—The Dean and my old man.

Edison—What do you know about electric lights?

Aleck—Never had any use for them unless her father was home.

Edison—What is the best battery in use?

Aleck—Covaleskie and Steve O'Neill.

Edison—How much food does a man eat per day?

Aleck—From the first of the month to the fifteenth, as much as possible. From the fifteenth to the thirtieth, none.

Edison—What is rope made of?

Aleck—Cuban cigars.

Edison—What is the habitat of the snake?

Aleck—Hotel lobbies.

Edison—Where is the home and what are the habits of the bat?

Aleck—Don't know any.

Edison—How many pints in a quart?

Aleck—Never got more than one and three-quarters.

Edison—Do we "lend" money or do we "loan" money?

Aleck—We borrow it.

Edison—Explain the principle of the electric bell.

Aleck—If her dad is away, ring it; if he's home, go around to the back door.

Edison—Why does alcohol feel cold?

Aleck—I never felt it.

Edison—What causes sun spots?

Aleck—Bobbed hair.

Edison—When should arsenic be used?

Aleck—Use your own judgment.

Edison—What is the normal yield per acre of rye?

Aleck—Seventeen quarts.

Edison—How can you prevent chickens from over-eating?

Aleck—If I knew that I wouldn't need a job.

Edison—Give the origin and brief history of tobacco.

Aleck—It was first used by Sir Walter Raleigh, whose wife drenched him with a bucket of water for smoking it. In 1921 one of Sir Walter's descendants robbed a bank to keep his wife supplied with cigarets.

Edison—Can a man in England become President of the United States?

Aleck—Not while William Randolph Hearst is on the job.

Edison—Name the leading banking organization of the world.

Aleck—Monte Carlo.

Being denied the pleasure of profitable employment in Mr. Edison's shops, Aleck thereupon wrote the "Wizard" as follows:

Home, Anytime.

Dear Mr. Edison:

I am in receipt of yours advising me that I failed to pass the examination submitted me and that you could not make use of my services. I am submitting

you herewith a list of brain teasers similar to those asked me and if you can pass my examination with an "A," I'll hang a sign on my back advertising your products and keep it there until it rusts off.

Yours for higher education,
ALECK SHARP.

Aleck's List

1. State in round numbers the capital of Yap.
2. Where are the four corners of the globe?
3. Give a short biographical sketch of Fred Beauvais.
4. What is the formula for watermelon?
5. What new invention am I trying to advertise with these questions?
6. Who was John Walker?
7. How are you getting along with these questions?
8. How tall is the Pole?
9. What makes tea hot? What date was Bryan elected to the Presidency? Do you know any more questions like these?
10. Why does Ford drive an Edison Electric? Why does Edison drive a Ford? Why is the answer obvious?
11. State the influence of Vodka on the Russian drama in the 18th century.
12. When will you be willing to start work at \$7.50 a week?
13. What is the difference between a baker's dozen and the number of questions here propounded?
14. Do you believe in a college education? If so, why not?

A Liquor Lullaby

Out from the bar-room door
Staggered the drunken four;
Great was the weight they bore
Home to their basement.

Over the busy road
Dragged they their heavy load,
While curious faces showed
From every casement.

Gallons of gin and ale,
Lager, both light and pale,
Leaked in a zigzag trail
After the drinkers.

Onto this trail, forsooth,
Smelling at last the truth,
Came Hiram, the village sleuth,
Shrewdest of thinkers!

Trailing them to their lair
Under the cellar stair,
He fought like a Great Cave bear
Till he was admitted.

Then with his trusty gun
He covered them every one,
And acquired a goodly bun,
Ere the cellar he quitted!

Naturally

If she wears white stockings, she's black;
If she wears black stockings, she's white;
If she wears cotton stockings, she's green.
If she looks young, she's old;
If she looks old, she's young;
If she looks back—FOLLOW HER.

"The great Napoleon hath said that an army travels on its stomach."

"By the veil of Fatima, there's one on mine now!"

Sand, Just Sand

A few days ago after spending a riotous evening consuming innumerable bottles of near-beer I was visited by a strange vision which filled me with both a grim satisfaction and an intense hatred upon awaking.

In my vision I saw myself seated upon a sprinkling cart filled with ice water and rolling merrily over the vast wastes of the Great Sahara. Bleached bones of those who have gone before dot the burning sand while overhead the shrieking vultures wheel as if in anticipation of their ghoulish feast. Suddenly my eye is attracted by a dark object far in the offing. Urging my good steeds on, I gallop through the rising heat waves, the ice in the tank clinking merrily against the sides. As I approach the dark spot I can discern it to be a man, and upon coming still nearer I find it to be one of the most notorious characters in this fair land of ours—the President of the Anti-Free Lunch, Third Rail and Sympathetic Bartenders League. His parched tongue hangs out of his blackened mouth while in a voice hardly more than a whisper he beseeches me for water. I halt my chariot and gaze upon him as he tries to drag his aching body nearer to my portable oasis. Then with a sneer such as the villian gives the plain but awfully pure heroine in the ten-twenty-and-thirty, I reach into my pocket, drag forth a large bag of salted peanuts, toss it to him and go rumbling on over the scorching plain.

Yearleap—I'm in an awful way. I love a homely girl, but she don't seem to care for me. Now, there's Miss Gotrocks proposed last night. What shall I do?

Leapfirst—Marry the one you love and give me the phone number of the other.

The Village Loafer

Mark now, and learn of me the thriving arts,
By which we parasites contrive to live,
First I provide myself a nimble thing
To be my page, a varlet of all crafts;
Next two new suits for feasts and gala days,
Which I promise by turns, when I walk forth
To sun myself upon the public square:
There, if perchance I spy some rich dull knave,
Straight I accost him do him reverence,
And, sauntering up and down, with idle chat
Hold him awhile in play; at every word,
Which his wise worship utters, I stop short
And bless myself for wonder; if he venture
On some vile joke, I blow it to the skies,
And hold my sides for laughter.
—Eupolis, 400 B. C.

Under a scrawny apple tree
The village loafer sits,
A most disgusting man is he;
He sweats and chews and spits,
And ladies of the town that pass
All have conniption fits.

His hair is thin and black and long,
His face is pale and wan,
His brow is wet with unearned sweat,
He begs whate'er he can;
He looks nobody in the face,
For he owes to every man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night
He sits there, full of woe,
You often hear his heavy snores,
With labored breaths and slow;
For all his time beneath that tree
Not a thing has he to show.

And children coming home from school
All shy away in fear,

And from a distance point at him,
And laugh and mock and jeer,
And they pass on their homeward way,
All saying, "Too much beer."

He goes on Sunday to the church
Without a coat or collar;
He puts a nickel in the plate,
And takes out half a dollar,
And drinks the grape-juice from the cup
Like any gent or scholar.

Sitting, begging, sleeping,
Onward thru life he goes,
Al day he sits beneath the tree,
The only work he knows,
Nothing attempted, nothing done,
Yet he gets his night's repose.

Not Such a Large Place

It seemed that when Rastus and Sam died they took different routes, so when the latter got to heaven he called Rastus on the 'phone.

"Rastus," he said, "how yo' like it down thar?"

"Oh, boy! Dis here am some place," replied Rastus. "All we have to do is to wear a red suit wid horns, an' ebery now an' den shovel some coal on de fire. We don't work no more dan two hours out ob de twenty-four down here. But tell me, Sam, how it it with you up yonder?"

"Mah goodness! We has to git up at fo' o'clock in de mawning' an' gathah in de stahs; den we has to haul in de moon and hang out de sun. Den we has ter roll de clouds aroun' all day long."

"But Sam, how comes it you' has ter work so hard?"

"Well, to tell de truf, Rastus, we's kin' o' short of help up here."

Requiescat in Peace

"What would you do if I kissed you?"

"I'd call my brother."

"How old is he?"

"Two years."

"What would you do if I kissed you?"

"Shut your mouth."

"What would you do if I kissed you?"
She pouted.

"What would you do if I kissed you?"

"I'd call my father."

"Where is he?"

"Out of town."

"What would you do if I kissed you?"

"I'd call the family."

"I don't want to kiss them, too."

"What would you do if I kissed you?"

"I'd slap your face."

"But I could hold your hands."

"Yes, that's so."

He—"What would you say if I kissed you?"

She—"I wouldn't be in a position to speak."

"What's to prevent my kissing you?"

"Why, my goodness!"

"Say, did you ever kiss a girl in a quiet spot?"

"Yes, but the spot was quiet only while I was kissing it."

"Would it be wrong for me to kiss you on the cheek?"

"Well, it might be a bit off color."

HERE'S A SIMPLE ONE

"I guess we're going to have a couple of bad years, Tom."

"Yes, I guess we are, Jerry."

Dido—Do you remember when you were first struck by my beauty?"

Aenas—Yes, dearest. It was at the masked ball.

Very Biting

Nor house, nor coffers, nor whatever else
Is dear and precious, should be watched so closely,
As she whom you call wife.

Alexis, 360 B. C.

Erick had sunk into the luxurious bed early. Getting married was, after all, a strenuous proposition, and he was naturally fatigued after a day of wedding, wedding breakfast, rice, railroad train, and incessant love-making. Camille, obeying the eternal feminine, was still fingering the white ivory on the dressing table in an effort to add a few touches of radiance to her dazzling beauty.

The matter had weighed on his mind all day. He was inclined to be conscientious, and he **MUST** tell her. He pulled up the cool, white sheet, and tried to shut out the unpleasant thought, but he couldn't. She must know, sooner or later, and he had as well get it over with tonight.

He glanced at her. She was very tempting to look at, with her scanty negligee clinging like a wet bathing suit to her supple form. It would be hard to tell her—and on their first night, too. But he must. So he sat up in bed, and coughed.

"You have a cold, dear," she said, softly.

"No, Camille. I have a confession."

The pretty bride paled slightly, and turned suddenly around. Could it be that he—the man whom she considered the purest and noblest—could it be that he—

"I must tell you," he said coolly, "why I married you."

"Oh," she said with a slight sense of relief.

"It was not your divine form," he said, "though

God knows you are a knock-out in the nothingness you wear."

She buffed her finger nails with great presence of mind.

"It was not your conversation, either, for you are a terrible bore, my dear."

"I've always been told that," she said calmly.

"Your nose is not straight," he added, "and so I was not attracted by your face."

As Fate would have it, she smiled. He fairly jumped up in bed. Once more was there that gleam of passion in his eyes. She had smiled!

"Ah, there it is!" he almost shrieked. "I must confess. I married you because of those perfect, those pearly, those magnificent, those heavenly, those divine teeth! Camille, you have the most beautiful teeth in the world. I married you because of those teeth!"

Gratitude shown in her eyes.

"Yes, dear, I think my teeth are rather fascinating," she said as she took them out of her mouth, and laid them on the ivory dressing table.

A Novel Checking System

Two slightly intoxicated gentlemen wandered into a public dance. One asked the location of the cloak room, and was told to take the first door to the right and to go down three steps. Due to the lickerlogged condition of his brain, he got the elevator shaft by mistake and fell eight stories to its bottom. His friend watched his sudden departure, and leaning through the door called out, "What you doing down there?" And after a short pause the following answer came up the shaft: "Hanging up my coat. Look out for that first step; it's an awful one."

First C. Q.—My, aren't the boys just terrible?

Second Ditto—That's all right—Mine are silk.

Pere Guilaume—Chemist

"You are lit, Father William," the young man said,
"Though perhaps in the morn you'll regret it,
But the thing I should really be pleased to find out
Is—where did you manage to get it?"

"You would like to find out," the old codger replied,
"Just how I am able to do it?
The process itself is as simple as sin—
I set up a still, and I brew it!

"In the days of my youth," Father William went on,
"I studied at Chemistry's forces—
But the profs and myself could never agree,
And I flunked every one of my courses;

"Yet the facts which I learned, and retained in my dome,
Before I was asked to leave college,
Enable me now to evade the dry laws,
Because of superior knowledge.

"So every young man," the old sinner raved on,
"Should take as much Chem as he's able—
Then with tea-kettle, stove, and some old garden hose,
He can drink himself under the table."

• R-I-P-P

"Combination shot," murmured the lady cut-artist as she
leaned too far over the billiard table.

"That's a hell of a note," remarked the impresario as the
diva took a mighty gulp and pounced savagely on a high E.

Harry—My! You did get fat this summer!

Harriet—I weigh exactly 125 stripped.

Harry—You can't tell exactly; these drug store scales are
liable to be wrong.

The Badger Game?

Cupid once upon a bed
Of roses laid his weary head;
Luckless urchin, not to see
Within the leaves a slumbering bee!
—Anacreon, 300 B. C.

It happened in the park. I was enjoying the sweet evening air on the proverbial bench, when a young lady suddenly emerged from the shadows and planted herself beside me, apparently oblivious of my mortal existence in this world.

Now I pride myself upon being a discreet and strictly conventional young man, but this was rather unusual and I could not avoid reconnoitering cautiously out of the corner of my eye. Imagine my horror when I observed that the young woman was weeping! Also my covert glance disclosed the interesting fact that my companion was a decidedly comely miss; rather easy to look upon.

Beauty in distress may always command my poor services, but give me a life saver when beauty weeps! The spectacle of this delicately molded young thing in tears was too much for my modest reserve.

"Pardon, miss," I said, touching her arm gently, "it pains me to see you in distress. Isn't there something I can do?"

She gave a little start. "Oh!" she cried, as if I were a spirit from the past.

"There, there, my dear," I assured her in what I was pleased to consider a soothing, fatherly manner, "there is no cause to be alarmed. I, too, have had my little troubles. Won't you confide in me?"

"You are kind to a poor unfortunate girl," she said, impulsively, and wiped her eyes daintily with a fragrant wisp of a handkerchief. "I just found a position today and I haven't succeeded in bringing my employer a single customer. I just know he won't keep me."

"What's his line? Maybe I could talk to him," I suggested.

"Oh, I couldn't tell you," she whispered, with a pitiful little sob, "you wouldn't understand."

"Well, then," I offered, "let me be your first customer."

"No, no. It would be asking too much."

"Not at all," I enthused. "Where is your employer now?"

"He—he's here now, in the park. I left him talking with a friend at the police booth."

"Come on, then," I said, helping her to her feet, "lead me to him and we'll soon fix things up."

She murmured again that I was "so good."

We found the booth occupied by a man who was sitting with his feet on the dusky desk, comfortably engrossed in the "Police Gazette." He looked up when we entered and smiled amiably at my companion. A premonition of impending disaster suddenly assailed me, and I was conscious of an instinctive desire to run.

"Hello, Annie," he said. "Another one, eh?"

"You bet," the girl replied, with an emphatic nod, "and he's a fresh one, too."

The man was the park policeman!

It cost me fifty iron men to sooth the lady's ruffled feelings and put myself straight with the conscientious exponent of the law.

Anything to Accommodate

"No man gets rich behind the plow,"

We heard the hired man grunt;

"I'll pay you more," the farmer said,

"And hitch you up in front."

DIRTY TRICK

Wally—We're going to hit "Eighty" in a minute! Are you afraid?"

Sally (swallowing much dust)—No, indeed. I'm full of grit."

OH! Y4

He (at the box office)—Have you got a seat left?

Ticket Seller (indicating the number)—Yes, U 21?

He—I am, and if it is that kind of a show I am glad that I did not ask my mother to come with me.

Man's wife wants little here below,

A poet sang with fire.

There's only one comment to make:

That poet was a liar.

She wants a great deal—yes, indeed,

And yet—ah, vain regrets—

We're telling you of what she wants,

And not of what she gets.

A Plea for Straightforwardness

The Duke Di Kakiak

Several days ago I had a most amazing experience, an experience which emphasized the utter badness of the world and showed me how little us mortals regard the feelings of our fellow beings.

I was at the railway station of the little village of _____, awaiting my train. I discovered that I would have to wait several hours, and, as the waiting room was oppressively smoky and hot I decided to walk a bit in the open despite the bitterness of the late winter afternoon. So I snuggled close in the folds of my great coat and sauntered out onto the platform. I had been walking briskly up and down the platform for a short while and wondering whether ever a wind blew so fiercely when I heard a low moan. Looking around I saw a young woman plodding through the snow, a tattered shawl about her shoulders—she was evidently in great distress.

"What on earth," I thought, "can have brought anyone out into this night?" I watched her, and as she approached I discerned a small object wrapped closely in a blanket and held tightly in her slender arms.

"Oh the brutality of men," she moaned, "I have been betrayed, and by him I trusted."

I began to see now. It was a story thousands of years old. The eternal pity of it was never brought home to me more forcibly.

"Ah," said I rather feebly, "is there anything I can do?"

"Thank you, no," she said, "nothing matters now." She extended the tiny bundle in her arms and I shook my head sympathetically for I understood.

"I believed in him—I, I thought he was honest. I arranged to meet him, and my parents—oh, I can never go back to them this way. They would not believe what I say."

She was badly broken up, poor thing, but for the world I wouldn't have known what to offer or do for her. She started to unwrap the bundle she held.

"I trust you," she said. "See, I shall show you." I tried to stop her, saying it was too cold, but she continued and finally—*whew!!* She held up a flask of liquor.

"You can see for yourself," she whined. "It is only half full, and I paid him for a whole pint—taking advantage of a woman. We should have statutory enactment against this short measure evil. I tell you it is half empty."

"Lady!" I said. "You are wrong about that. It is completely empty," and with that retort I snatched the bottle out of her hands and drained it to the dregs. Then, although my train had not yet come, I nevertheless caught it and rode off towards the great city.

Poe-Tic?

I have lived my life of sorrow,
 'Mid a world of tears and strife;
I have drunk the bitter dregs
 Of a twisted, misspent life.

I have seen the devil's minions
 Damning shrieking human souls,
As they fished with fiendish fierceness
 For new fuel for their coals.

All the world says I'm a failure,
 And I guess they all are right;
For my hands are red and gory,
 And my soul as black as night.

The whole world is just a gamble,
 With no chance for one to win;
And the stakes are souls of mortals
 And the prize a crown of tin.

In the air there is a whirring
 Of black satanic wings;
Some poor fool has lost his wager
 With Mephisto, king of kings.

In a moment they will be here
 With their white-hot pointed spears;
And they'll drop me, unrepenting,
 In the Vale of Human Fears.

There they are! Can't escape them
 Even if I should desire!
I am gone! Good-bye forever!
 Dropping, dropping to hell-fire!

The Fable of the Village Vamp and the Higher Education

Once upon a Time there was a Flapper yclept Agnes who was the Hot Tomale in the Old Home Town. She had the Other girls Blooey when it Came to Scenery and the Inside Dope showed she was a Walk-Away in the Matrimonial Sweepstakes. She was catalogued As one of the Attractions of the Town along with the New Church Horse-Sheds and the Water-works.

Whenever a Visiting Delegation came to look over the Natural Advantages, Agnes was brought into the Picture just after the Close-up of The new **Pumping** Station and held the Suspense until the 5:10 back to Town.

On Saturday night she Used to Breeze Down the Main-stem to Give the Drummers the cold and Haughty while the boys in Rice's Pool Parlor would Fall Down on their Shots and swallow their Fine-Cut.

If her Dad had not Been a Deacon in the First M. E., folks would have said she was Fast. In Short our heroine was the Stuff.

Every night at 8:30 Agnes would Hang Out the S. R. O. sign in the Front Window and Pull the Shades while the Latecomers would Go Back to the fire house, Raise the Limit and Demand Action. Agnes batted 300 with the Touch System but always Needed Atmosphere before applying the Works. After installing the Come-On on the Cushions she would Put a soft needle on Hearts and Flowers, pull the low dimmers on the Mazdas and Let nature take its Course. When the C. O. began to Breathe Heavy through the Nos-

trils, Agnes knew his Case was on the Ice and Checked him Off.

In Fact the Intensive stuff went so big With the Village cut-ups that Agnes yearned to Can the Small Time and Branch out into The two-a-day. In Time she became Installed in a Cultural center founded by a Great Man who had once Got By in Arithmetic as far as Papering and Plastering. It was a regular High-Brown Intellectual Mill where loafing was legalized.

Before the Wicker suitcase was Unpacked Agnes knew that the Royal Raspberry was the College Whoop. Her scenery Was All Wrong. The Stuff that was Knocking Em Dead back in the County seat was drawing the Reversed thumbs and the Elevated Eyebrow from the insiders here. The Ear and not the Knee was to be kept Under. When she Swept By in the Latest Sears & Roebuck creation the Anvil Chorus stepped on the Loud Pedal. Several of the Meows rumored that she Was Deformed. Agnes soon learned that the Hem and the Instep had long Been Strangers.

Before pulling a Kaiser Wilhelm and going to the Cleaners, Agnes decided to Show the Old Girls that a heavy night was Not a Matter of glad rags and Geography. One Sunday evening she Proceeded to Stage a come-back and Pull a Petting Party in the front Room of her Dorm. All went well Until the Regulars began to Arrive. Every time She had Rollo champing at the Bits, Somebody would Saunter by and put a Crimp in the Works. After the Third Attempt she complained of a Headache and went Upstairs.

That night she went into Executive session and de-

cided to Can the Gay and Giddy and polish Up on her Active Verb. She gradually was Wised that Schopenhauer was a ten to one Shot with Bertha Clay in the High Brow handicap and that Laura Jean was not Known.

After four Years of mental exposure Agnes decided to Go Back for a killing. The Low Lamps and the soft Cello had left them Gurgling but Wilde would salt them away in the first Inning. It was several days before The Boys could Dope the switched systems. About nine Bells they would Reach for their Hats and Look around for the Exits. "She Throats a nasty soprano" said the local Pool shark "but me for the dim Glimmers and the Easy close-up."

"A short skirt and the Cigaret Habit mean nothing," Chirped the Feed and Grain King.

All reports Showed that as a Heart Wrecker, Agnes was a Heavy Frost.

The Crowning Insult came the next week when she was offered the Position of Village Librarian.

Moral—Too many brains spoil the Complexion

or

It takes a Dumbell to string the Wise Ones.

Famous Passes

_____ the buck.
Complimentary _____.
_____ on.
Forward _____.
_____ing of John Barleycorn.
_____ the potatoes.
Four balls.
They Shall not _____.
7.
11.

You Never Can Tell

The other night
 I went to see a new girl.
 I didn't know her very well
 But thought that
 I would take
 A chance.
 Well, we went to the Movies
 And then we
 Had some ice cream;
 And, gosh, she was awful
 Dumb.
 And in the hall I
 Was thinking up an excuse
 To leave early
 While she
 Took off her hat.
 And then—
 When I saw how carefully
 She pulled down the
 Front window shade
 I changed my
 Mind.
 And tomorrow night I don't
 Think we will
 Even go to the
 Movies.

Famous Sports

Hot _____
 Dead game _____
 Major _____
 Cribbage.
 _____y gal.
 _____ man's chance.
 The guy who quits when he's ten bucks "in" you.

Up-to-Date Definitions

The latest Renditions of Modern Slang

An oil can is a guy who leaves his rubbers on the radiator.

A slob is a bimbo who eats onions and then gets confidential.

A goof is a poor fish who borrows a cigarette and then gets sore because you haven't a match.

A dumbell is a guy who buys Herpicide to use on his hair.

A bimbo is a guy who blows his breath in your face after he has had some home-made hootch.

A futzenheimer is a gink who doesn't drink coffee because the spoon bothers his eye.

A pineapple is a goof who tries to get wholesale rates on two cent stamps.

An egg is an oil can who starts to tell a joke and then forgets the point.

A yap is an egg who thinks that cold cream is kept in the refrigerator.

? ? ?

She came
To the Doc's office
For a diagnosis.
"Stick out your tongue,"
He quoth.
And she did.
And he illustrated
How he made his
Reputation
When he said,
"Overworked."

"Pat," said his employer, "I want to make you a present of this pig."

"Now, shure," replied Pat, "an' it's just like you sor."

But Why

A woman there was who wore her furs,
But why I cannot tell;
For 'twas the good old summer time
And hot! 'Twas hot as hell.

A fool there was whom they called a man,
But why I cannot tell;
In the winter he wore his Bee Vee Dees—
And cold! 'Twas cold as hell.

One day they met and married were,
But why I cannot tell;
And in the course of time they raised
A pug-nosed pup—and hell!

The story is not
Our own
But is seemed so good
To us
Anyway
That you may like it
It is about the very
Fat man
Who walked into a
Restaurant
And said to the
Hashslinger
Do you feed people
Here
And the Hashslinger
Said
Yeh but we don't
Fill silos.

"I'll never take another drop," said the Soused One as he fell off the cliff.

The Raving

It was with a vague foreboding, notwithstanding conscience's goading

I alighted from the taxi, and went onward toward the door,

All upon a dark and sober sultry night of last October

When the sky was clouded over, and the winds in passing bore

Messages of woe eternal wafted from the Stygian shore,

As a warning, nothing more.

Filled with direct apprehension, filled with fears I dare not mention,

I beheld my partner standing, standing at the ball-room door;

And I couldn't keep from staring at the costume she was wearing,

All the earth's supply of daring from that costume seemed to pour,

Merely airy films and gauzes, some behind and some before,

Only this, and nothing more.

Then the mystic weird contortions of the dancers' upper portions

Drove them into a frenzy such as never seen before,
Till one of the attendants cried with wrath upon his features

"O thou wild and willful creatures, cease this, cease this I implore.

If you do not cease this you will be compelled to leave the floor,

And be seen here nevermore."

Tired, at last my spirit wandered, and my inner being
 pondered,
 Nauseated at each couple as it skittered o'er the
 floor,
 At the skipping and the sliding, at the pushing and the
 gliding,
 And my partner's soft confiding, telling that her
 feet were sore,
 Till I, with a sickly feeling sinking to my bosom's
 core
 Felt like dancing nevermore.

L'ENVOI

Now the function long has ended, but my social rank's
 descended,
 Since the figure on my bank roll isn't what it was
 before;
 And the mere idea of taking some young vampire in
 the making
 To this brand of social faking, is a thought I now
 abhor.
 All my social ambitions now lie dead upon the floor
 To be lifted—nevermore.

"My wife wrote me to send her \$300 before next Tuesday or she would have to go to the poorhouse with the kids."

"Did you send it?"

"I told her to wait until Wednesday and I'd go with her."

Bill—Have you ever done any public speaking?

Sunkist—I once proposed to a girl in my home town over the telephone.

Barr—I owe a great deal to that woman on the corner.

Rale—Sort of guiding spirit, eh?

Barr—Naw; she's my landlady.

Love's Triumph

———Marriage is like
A cast of dice!—Happy indeed his lot
Who gets a good wife, one of morals pure
And withal easy temper;—but alight on
A gadding, gossiping, expensive jade,
And heaven deliver thee! 'Tis not a wife
Thou weddest, but an everlasting plague,
A devil in she's clothing. There is not
In the habitable globe so dire a torment;
I know it to my cost;—the better luck
Is his who never tried it.

—Epicharmus, 500 B. C.

Cosmoline was young and vivacious. Giles, her husband, was many years older than she—a middle-aged, crabbed man, whose only bid to prominence was his money. Ah, how she hated him, as he sat cross the table from her, yodling his soup! To think that her avaricious parents had forced her to marry this big hunk of meat, when she really loved another! Yes, it was the age-old story of the Eternal Triangle. And the more Cosmoline saw of her piano-like husband, the more she longed for the lithe, anemic form of her true lover, Cassimir, the man who came each week to read the gas-meter.

She and Cassimir had grown up together, and at the tender age of seventeen he had declared his undying love. Then he had gone away to college to become a great mechanical engineer. They had parted at the gate of the old homestead and Cassimir had sworn to return for his little wildflower of the mountains when his education was complete.

Then Giles had appeared. He had been motoring through the country, several miles ahead of the Grand Jury, and had been struck by her girlish grace, as she kicked a hobo down the back steps of the paternal manse. Giles proposed at once, but was repulsed with a torrent of oaths. Then he appealed to her father, and, with a promise of ten dollars Mex., secured his consent to the marriage.

Cosmoline, however, was not to be transacted in this manner. Leaping from the portico of her father's shanty, she scuttled away through the hills. By daybreak she thought herself out of harm's way, but she had reckoned without Giles. The latter, accompanied by his trusty henchman, Jazzbando, a Sicilian ruffian, took up the trail. At noon of the next day Jazzbando, with his trusty lariat, lassoed the girl as she cowered at the top of a lone pimienta tree. And so she became Mrs. Giles.

All that was five years ago. Cassimir, upon his graduation from college, had gone home. When he learned of the fate of

his fiancée, he followed her to the city, where he obtained employment in the swindling department of the gas company. Well he knew of Cosmoline's fate, and long he pondered upon means of releasing her. Then, late one night, as he hung over a bar and sought to drown his sorrows in a cabbage sundae, an idea came crashing through the concrete of his manly brow. Some half-forgotten lore of his college days roared through the vacuum of his dome—then the idea was clear.

The next day he sent Cosmoline a note, brief, but full of hidden meaning. It read, "Unlike metals, in the presence of acid, generate an electric current. Christmas is at hand. Give Giles a gold ring to wear on his right hand."

Cosmoline pondered long on the message, but did as she was told.

Another year rolled by, and again Cassimir sent her a cryptic cryptigram. This one said, "Why not give Giles a silver ring to wear upon his left hand?"

She did so.

A week later, as Cassimir finished reading the Giles gas-meter, he whispered to Cosmoline:

"The hour is at hand! This is Saturday night!"

Then everything dawned upon her. Hastening to the bathtub, she prepared the scenery for her husband's weekly battle with the waves. But ere she left the room she poured into the tub the contents of a cruet of vinegar!

Slowly Giles let himself into the tub. His right hand sank beneath the billows. Then his left hand touched the surface of the water—

There was a startled yelp, and Giles was electrocuted!

So Cassimir married the wealthy widow, and they lived happily ever after.

PERSONAL

I asked her if she rolled them,

She said she never tried.

Just then a mouse ran swiftly by,

And now I know she lied.

Hey diddle diddle!

This is the riddle,

When are we going to get tight?

The bootlegger's late,

We'll probably wait

The better part of the night.

On With the Dance

'Tis no wonder that Marc Anth'ny
Fell for Cleopatra's charms.
If she dressed as in the movies
He would stretch forth longing arms.

With the incense slowly burning,
While majestic slaves stand nigh,
And the strains of restive music
Seem to wander to the sky.

In the scene they all then cluster,
Princely nabobs of the East;
Heroes, villains, minor actors,
All get ready for the feast.

Forth she comes in all her splendor,
Does the dance of "Seven Veils."
Do you wonder shows are crowded,
And the jailer fills the jails.

A Lesson in Arithmetic

He's teaching her arithmetic
Because that is his mission;
He kissed her once, he kissed her twice,
And said, "Now, that's addition."

And as he added smack by smack
In silent satisfaction,
She sweetly gave his kisses back,
And said, "Now, that's subtraction."

Then he kissed her and she kissed him
Without any explanation;
They both together smiled and said,
"Now, that's multiplication."

But Dad appeared on the scene,
And made a quick decision;
He kicked the lad three blocks away,
And said, "Now, that's division."

Madame Buttermilk

(An Opera in Three Operations)

First Operation

(The first scene is laid in the front room of Lem Hardcider's costly home in Odessa County, Iowa. Lem is a rich farmer. As the curtain rises there is nobody in the room but the goldfish and a canary. Mary, the beautiful daughter of Lem, trips onto the stage. Mary is called Madame Buttermilk for short.)

M. B. (winding the clock). Do re mi fa sol la ti do.

The Clock. Tic toc, tic toc.

M. B. (upstage to canary bird). All right, Dickie, give me high C.

Dickie. Ceeeeee.

M. B. (in beautiful coloratura). Ceeeeee, D-E-F-Geeeeee, I am glad that my Henry will be released tonight.

A Voice. Don't mention that jailbird's name again.

M. B. Well, maybe the warden does call him a number, but he'll always be Henry to me. (Crescendo) I love him, I love him, I love him.

Bass Voice at Door. I've been gone for years; I stole some steers, but let me in; I'm done with sin, I'm bursting into tears.

M. B. Let him in. (She faints on the floor.) A man is admitted; he rushes to the prostrate form; the tears fall on her face and she is revived.

M. B. Oh, Henry!

Henry. Madame Buttermilk!

(Curtain.)

Second Operation

(The scene is laid on the bank of a brook. The brook is babbling. Madame Buttermilk is standing under a mulberry tree playing with the silkworms.)

M. B. (Can tom motto.) My love is as fare as a car token.

Henry's bass. Her eyes are blue, she wears a shoe, her hair is fine as silk; and soon for life I'll have a wife, yclept Mme. Buttermilk. (Walks on stage pushing a wheelbarrow.)

M. B. (alligretti). Oh, hearest Hen, you king of men, give me a kiss and huggy; then answer quick, you homely hick, what have you in that buggy?

Henry (carrying large vol. to her ft.). Oh, dearest lass, down on the grass I place this catalogue.

M. B. (avec expressione). Catalogue?

Hen. (avec passionne). Yes, catalogue.

M. B. (ravioli). Ah, ha, for why a catalogue?

Hen. My little queen, so small and lean, think not of garden truck; but I confess your wedding-dress must come from Sears-Roebuck.

M. B. (turning pages gleefully). My wedding gown

Hen. And bridal veil

M. B. I am afraid

Hen. Will cost much kale.

(The lights grow dim as they peruse the pages. They fall asleep. A flock of fairies prance on the stage, each displaying a beautiful gown to the slumbering lovers.)

Fairy No. 1. Tricolette.

Fairy No. 2. Georgette.

Fairy No. 3. Crepe de chine.

Fairy No. 4. Gaberdine.

Fairy No. 5. Tricotine.

Ensemble. Oh, we are the jolly nymphs from Roebuck—we know our stuff, you bet; we aren't Hixon models, but what you want we'll get. If you want a suit of armor or a coat of lovely tan, just send in a mail order and pay on the installment plan. (Lights reappear and fairies disappear.)

M. B. Were we sleeping, Hen?

Hen. Yes, let's snap out of it.

M. B. Oh, those wonderful costumes; I don't know which one I ought to get.

Hen (moving upstage and sitting on a toadstool). I have an id.

M. B. Yes, yes.

Hen. Let's get one made out of cheesecloth, so we won't starve if the crops fail.

M. B. Henry, you're wonderful.

Hen. I know it.

(Curtain.)

Third Operation

(There is nobody in the room except Madame Buttermilk, her old man and the three bridesmaids. Madame Buttermilk is reclining on the west end of the sofa, biting her finger-nails. You can see that she is worried.)

M. B. Ah, mia Dia!

Lem (shifting to a tenacious tenor). Oh, have no fear, my daughter dear, I beg and pray and press. The 5:15, I really ween, will bring your wedding dress.

(Doorbell rings and one of the maids admits two queer looking birds, a male and female.)

Male. Hullo, Lem, you look like somebody was going to foreclose the mortgage.

Lem. Well, well. If it ain't Uncle David and Aunt Bessie from Padukah what have come for the wedding.

M. B. Ah, wedding.

First Maid. How can there be

Second Maid. a wedding

Third Maid. Without a wedding dress?

Ensemble. How can there be a wedding without a wedding dress?

M. B. My Lord, oh heaven, what shall I do? I have not got a dress.

The wedding's near, the preacher here, we cannot wed, I guess; For though he'll be my husband and love is now imbued,

I cannot let dear Henry see his Mary nude. (She almost chokes with sobs.)

(The phone rings and Lem answers.)

Lem. What, what's that?

M. B. Has it come, pop?

Lem. (Hangs up receiver.) Sing out, child, sing for joy. This grief can be forgotten. You will not need the dress. There is a Providence that cares for all.

M. B. Father, speak, has it come?

Lem. No, but Henry broke his neck while picking fruit and will be laid up for a month.

M. B. Mia dia.

Ensemble. Huzzah, huzzah, huzzah.

The Clock. Tic toc.

A book agent came to Milwaukee

He had traveled wide and far.

Said he, "Can I sell you Shakespeare?"

To the man behind the bar.

But the barkeep answered, "Neffter."

"For I know alretty yet,

Dot our Schlitz beer und our Pabst beer

Beats your Shakes beer, you can bet."

"How did he manage to sell that old, haunted house?"

"He started a rumor that there were spirits in the cellar."

Don't Read This

The promised hour is come and past;—
Yet sleepless and alone I lie,
Alone—ah, false one, tell me why.
Sappho, 300 B. C.

I was asleep, hidden under the covers.
The door of my room
Softly opened (Don't read this).
A lady, slim, small
And passionately attractive entered.
With all but one eye hidden
Under the covers
I watched her.
She came to my bedside (Stop before too late).
Slowly her hand drew back the covers
That hid me.
A shriek, and she
Ran from the room.
Dammit those keyladies.

Things Ain't What they Seem

You go a-walking down the street
And trail a nifty jane.
She trots a pair of high spool heels
And floats a hefty mane.

You double time and hurry up;
You plot a clever scheme.
But as she turns and looks around—
Then things ain't what they seem.

Pat—Phwat was the last card Oi dealt ye, Mike?
Mike—A spade.

Pat—Oi knew it was; Oi saw ye spit on yer hand before ye
picked it up."

How I Made My First \$2,000

We were sitting at the breakfast table one June morning. Clementine had just divided the egg. Clementine is my wife. As I scanned the morning paper, I noticed that Philbert Phlynn had died leaving \$7,000,000. Philbert came to this country from Cincinnati in 1863 a penniless orphan. His shoes were all run down and even his collar was dirty. He was an object of pity.

This ambitious young foreigner was staggering down Main street looking for a job when lo and behold, what did he see? He saw a newspaper box filled with morning journals. He looked inside the box and right there reclining on a double murder were fourteen pennies. Philbert took the pennies and left.

With a joyful heart the youth ambled on. He passed a haberdasher's window and with eager eyes perused the wares on display. In the center was a beautiful stiff shirt bosom. It was a white shirt bosom. Philbert entered and purchased it although it took his last cent.

Now that he had the shirt bosom, the rest was easy. With ambition tingling in his veins and arteries, he sped onward. Onward he sped to the Biltmoch Hotel and showed the white stiff shirt bosom to the head waiter, who immediately gave him a burglar's license. Philbert was an ambitious and conscientious waiter and in three weeks had saved enough to buy out his employer. The rest of the story you know. Philbert Phlynn died yesterday with a lot of jack and loved by all.

The story touched me. Here I had been idling as a stonemason for nine years and was still trying to pay off the mortgage on an inner tube. "I will succeed," said I to myself. I kissed my wife good-bye and left my egg unate.

Fifteen minutes later I was at the door of the bank. I raised my mother's gun to the cashier and calmly uttered a few words. The cashier objected, so I shot him. Others objected and I killed them also, as I was determined to get the \$2,000. There is the keynote, my readers, select a goal and strive for it. I set mine at \$2,000 and accomplished it. The mortgage is now paid and we have real sugar on our grapefruit.

GOOD BIZZNESS

"I vish I vas as religious as Abie."

"And vy?"

"He clasps his hands so tight in prayer he can't get them open ven der collection box comes aroundt."

A Woodland Romance

It was a delightful summer evening;
The man stood, musing, on a little hillock.
Overhead the myriads of stars, the pale moon, the hurrying
clouds.
For a long time he stood motionless, then raised a cigarette to
his lips.

All at once his attitude changed to one of intent listening;
He peered forward. * * *
Then, singing softly to herself,
She came towards him from the woods.
A look of anguish crossed his handsome features;
With an involuntary movement he drew back.
She approached closer, but with a muttered word and a wave of
his shapely head he repulsed her.
Nothing daunted, she returned, but again he motioned her back.
Finally, with a plaintive cry, she flung herself upon him.
This time a look of eagerness came into his eyes;
He crushed her to him.
She gave a little scream and silence reigned once more.
The man stooped and struck a match.
"Damn the mosquitos," was all he said.

Introduction

*"Miss Smith, Mr. Jones," said Helen
As she brought them face to face.
"Unfamiliar," thought Jones, "the face is,
But that leg I've seen some place!"*

RATTLING ALONG

Teacher—Define trickle.

Boy—To run slowly.

Teacher—Define anecdote.

Boy—A short, funny tale.

Teacher—Use both words in a sentence.

Boy—The dog trickled down the street with a can tied to
his anecdote

History

Adam was the first man, and Eve, she was his spouse;
 She let a little garden and started keeping house.
 Everything went quiet and peaceful in the main
 Till they got things a-goin' and started raising Cain.

Abram was an ancient Jew of an investigatin' turn—
 Stuck Ikey in the fire to see if Ikey'd burn.
 But Ikey was a lucky kid and got off with his skin,
 For just as he was cookin', a ram came buttin' in.

Esau was a cowboy of the wild and wooly make—
 His father gave him half the farm and half to brother Jake.
 But Esau said the title to the farm it wasn't clear,
 So he sold it to his brother for a sandwich and a beer.

Joseph was the favorite son and he was very zealous,
 His dad gave him a golf coat and it made his brothers jealous;
 So they sold him into Egypt for a small consideration,
 Where he made a million dollars on a big grain speculation.

Samson was a fighter of the John L. Sullivan school,
 He licked the mighty Philistines with the jawbone of a mule,
 But a woman named Delilah got him filled up full of gin—
 Along came the barbers and the sappers roped him in.

Jonah was an immigrant, so runs the Bible tale;
 He booked a steerage passage in a trans-atlantic whale.
 But Jonah down inside "got very much depressed."
 So he just pushed a button and the whale he did the rest.

Daniel he got sassy and wouldn't mind the king,
 The king said he'd be d——d if he'd stand for such a thing.
 So he put old Danny with the lions away 'down underneath,
 But Daniel was a dentist and he pulled the lion's teeth.

Young observing youth (to pleasing debutante, with large feet)—"Say Miss, what makes your feet so large?"
 Young Lady (blushing, trying to explain)—"When I was a child I waded in the mud barefooted."
 Young youth—"Tell me Miss, did you ever sit in the mud?"

Lady (entering fur store—I'd like to see some skunk, please.
 Saleslady—Just a minute; I'll call the floorwalker.

The Honor of Mignonette

A Modern Short Story

The night was so still, and the moon so perfect, that she knew what he was going to say even before the words began to slip through his half-parted lips.

"George," she murmured, "you are going to ask me to marry you, aren't you?"

He nodded.

"Listen to me," she continued. "Before I can give you my answer, I must tell you something, something so vital that it may change our whole lives, your love, even."

"Never," he rumbled, and the third button on his vest popped noisily. "Nothing can ever change our love, my love for you."

"Listen," she commanded, and her voice grew soft and tragic. "My father is in Sing Sing."

A hurt look flashed across his features, and his cheeks grew pale. With an effort he controlled himself. "Well?" he mumbled.

"My uncle is in Leavenworth."

"My brother is in Mattewan."

His cheeks paled again.

She poised for one final all-embracing plunge. "And I have three cousins in the Tombs."

His cheeks flamed once more. His whole frame shook heavily from emotion; his collar slipped loose, and perched over his left ear. He was struggling manfully for mastery over himself. "You—you—don't," he began, choking.

She was calm now. "It is true," she said evenly. "And now can you care for me?"

Like a flash he saw his path clear. "Mignonette," he sibilated, "I love you—I do not want you for your relatives—I want you for yourself alone."

She collapsed noiselessly in his waiting embrace. "You—you—wonderful, dear boy," she chirped, crystalline joy in every tone. "Now I am free to tell you. It was all a test to see if you really loved me. My father is not in Sing Sing, my uncle is not in Leavenworth, nor are my three cousins in the Tombs. They are all successful and active thugs in Chicago."

He kissed her in an extasy of relief. "I knew it must be so," he whispered. "No stigma could ever stain the family of my dear sweet Mignonette."

And arm in arm they vanished up the lane.

Fanny's First Faint

Fanny always played according to the rules. She and Hector started the evening in the usual way by going to a movie—

"Why Change Your Socks," or something of that kind.

Then Hector suggested a ride.

Fanny agreed.

When they got out in the country, they didn't get out. But he stopped the car.

Fanny fainted.

She knew perfectly well why he had stopped, but she also knew the rules of the game. So she asked.

"Why are you stopping?"

He might have given any one of the usual reasons: to admire the moonlight; trouble with the engine; a flat tire—anything. Instead of that he told the truth.

"I'm going to kiss you," he said.

Then Fanny fainted.

Not that Fanny was unused to being kissed, but such frankness was enough to ruin any girl's morale.

He flirted with her on the street and finally got the nerve to speak. "What do you say to a little dinner tonight?" he asked.

"Beware," he thought she replied, and went on his way.

She always wondered why, because she didn't say, "Beware," but "Be where."

As I stepped up to the lonesome lady in the hotel lobby, I inquired, "Are you looking for a particular person?"

"I'm satisfied," she said, "if you are."

FRUITFUL DISCOURSE

Ag—Wasn't that a fine lecture by Professor Dinglesnick on "The Culture of Prunes?"

Wag—Splendid! He was so full of his subject.

Veni, Vidi, Vici or the Conquest of the Little Snake

I

Not long ago I met a girl,
Who was quite intellectual;
She asked me then to call on her,
In language quite effectual.

The little miss with all her brains
Was also blessed with beauty,
And so a call could not be called
A real unpleasant duty.

That Nature Study held her mind
Was soon disclosed to me;
I had to come upon her walks
The little birds to see.

VENI.

II

One day we strolled along the path
And spied a little reptile.
I hate the things, so on his head
I was about to step, till

Phyllis stooped and took the thing
As 'twas about to die:—
She smiled and told me archly,
When I gently asked her why.

“I like wild life of every sort,
I like things wild and free—

I don't mind fondling handsome snakes—
I love to pet, you see!"

VIDI.

III

As for the rest, I'll say discreetly,
I came, I saw, and then I—

VICI!

Good Taste

The lights were very low in Won Lung's chop suey joint. Over in a far corner at a table sat two huddled figures. It was The Tinker's Dam who broke the silence.

"Say, ya never did tell me how ya got out to this territory. Didya start the booze when y'wuz young or are ya a snowbird?"

The Hill of Beans wiped a wet chin and regarded the other fixedly through his little red eyes. He laughed to himself. "Say, you're funny. Sure, it was dope—love dope."

"Love dope?" his companion echoed, blankly.

"Yes," continued The Hill of Beans. "I was a decent young college chap once, with a promisin' future, but I kissed a girl one night under the moon, and we got married 'fore we got out of school. It took me ten years of hard work, supportin' her, 'fore I got the taste out of my mouth."

The Tinker's Dam laughed long and loudly. He was going to marry his landlady next week.

A Close Call

I slipped, I fell, I sat down hard,
I landed on my rear,
I cursed, I swore, I damned my luck,
My heart was filled with fear.

I felt, I looked, I felt again,
I ceased to cuss and chafe,
I smiled, I grinned, I cried aloud,
"Thank God, the hair tonic's safe!"

Shim—How did you enjoy the musical comedy last night?

Him—Before the curtain went up two feet I knew I could enjoy it.

The Reward of Virtue

My Friend, there is no satisfaction like unto that which follows the performing of a noble deed. How easy it is to help others and the same time help oneself!

The other day I met a woman crying bitterly; in her arms she carried a child.

"My dear woman," said I, accosting her, "what is the trouble?"

"I want to christen my child," she sobber, "but I haven't two dollars to pay the minister."

"Never mind," said I, "here is a five-dollar bill. Go, christen the infant and bring me the change."

A short time elapsed and the woman returned with the change, thanking me fervently.

So you see, my friend, by the one little action I made three people happy. The mother was happy because her child was christened; the minister was happy because he got his two dollars, and I was happy—because the bill was counterfeit.

Deserted!

They were cast away together on a raft. So far as they were able to ascertain they were the only survivors from the good ship Lekytub. On the morning of the third day the raft came to rest on a sandy island.

He at once set to work to build a shelter. He built two shelters.

"Now," he said, "we're fixed. There's one house for you and one for me."

Quickly she ran down to the beach, and getting aboard the raft, shoved off.

"Good-by," she called, "I'm going to find a new shipwreck partner."

Waiter—Anything more, sir? A little something sweet, sir?

Shorty—Yes, you can bring me that girl over there with the black hat.

"THE SPOKEN WORD"

(TIME—Before Automobiles)

Tim—Huh?

Timid—Uh-Huh!

Tim—Whoa!!!

Effort Rewarded

In despair, he grasped the flask, and, with eyes wide and staring as the craving overpowered him, made two or three futile efforts to raise it to his quivering lips. His failure brought a cry of anguish which gripped my very heart and a look of bitter disappointment spread over his features. In an unstable moment, a few drops of the precious fluid were spilled on the ground and lost. He uttered a half hysterical cry of dismay and staggered back. Again he attempted to raise the flask, and this time his shaking hand carried it to his mouth. The pleasure of a degenerate shone from his sunken eyes as the liquid stimulated, and his lips parted in a smile. Taking a long swig, he bit ferociously at his rattle, murmured, "Da da!" and fell back in his crib asleep.

Find Out Before What's Behind

*On the mule we find
Two legs behind
And two we find before.
We tickle behind
Before we find
What the two behind before.*

"Man wants but little here below," said the fashion designer as he lopped two more inches off the new spring styles in skirts.

"What are all those trunks doing over there by the stage door?"

"Why, those are the chorus girls' clothes."

"Let's go to another show."

At Home After—

They were seated in the garden with only the stars above them and the moon to watch. They were not a part of this world, for their thoughts and souls were elevated far from these earthly regions. How soft her cheeks seemed as they pressed against his; how intoxicating her kisses. It seemed selfish for him alone to have so large a share of the happiness of the world.

As they sat there, they talked and planned. "And, Grace, we'll have the most wonderful home you ever saw. A large white stucco place, with a cute little front porch and a spacious one at the side, and big rooms and everything."

"And you'll have a cosy little den all your own, Jack."

And so they planned. They quarreled lovingly over the kind of curtains for the living room, the color scheme of the bedroom, the arrangement of the garden. He pictured before her eyes a beautiful home with every luxury, cars drawn before the door, maids rushing to and fro carrying out her instructions. How happy they would be!

Then they talked of other matters. "And we'll call the boy Jack and the girl Mary, won't we?" asked Grace.

"You bet we will, and they'll be the happiest kids that ever lived."

* * * * *

It is now the next night. They are seated in the same garden under the same stars and moon. The same thrill electrified Jack as her cheeks pressed against his and her kisses were just as intoxicating.

As they sat there they talked and planned. He again pictured the same home and the same garden. They quarreled lovingly over the kind of curtains for the living-room and the color scheme for the bedroom.

Then they talked of other matters. "And we'll call the boy Jack and what'll we name the girl?"

"We'll name her Myrtille, after you, darling," answered Jack. For you see he wasn't with Grace at all! Not that night.

"Mother, may I go out tonight?"

"No, my darling Jill;

Father and I go out tonight,

You'll have to tend the still."

To Please One Man

He was a sentimental sort of a chap, and as he sat 'side of the kippy-looking chorus girl in pink tights back of the scenes, it seemed that he couldn't help saying sentimental things to her. They had never met before, but nobody cared for that.

"Adele," he whispered, parking his arm around her slender waist, "I—I was very much attracted tonight by your graceful dancing and —er—beautiful face, and I just had to come back here and make your acquaintance. I am more than delighted to meet such a charming creature, but—it is terrible to find you here in this awful environment. This life! These stage people! These surroundings! Surely this is not the place for such a lovely girl as you. Won't—won't you come with me ere the appalling influence of a chorus girl's life gets a hold upon you? Won't you let me take you away from here?"

"Yeh!" she answered, her big blue eyes beaming happily. "As soon as th' show's over you c'n call a taxi, an' we'll go to a swell cabaret or somewheres an' make a night of it!"

Garden Poetry

*When I asked Pansy for a kiss
Tulips Rose, then fell.*

*In her eyes was Golden Glow.
But I know they Lilac hell.*

*Morning Glory with the sun,
The Butter Cups are full.
Daisy says she loves me,
But I know she's full of—Geraniums.*

*Violet holds the Golden Rod
As queen of all Carnation.
Arbutus rang the Blue Bell
That told the whole damnation.*

She—Help! Police! Stop him! He tried to flirt with me.
Cop—Calm yourself, lady, there's plenty more.

Ain't We Got Fun

It was going to be a wild party! All four of us had made up our minds to that. With only three more days of school it was quite the thing to stage a hootch party and none of us had indulged this year.

We left it to the boys to obtain the hootch—Pat knew just where to get some with a real kick—oh boy! And Elsie and I were to fix up a mean lunch. We did! We obtained some cheese that, if you didn't keep it boxed, would walk off on its own strength, and we purchased liverworst, crackers, and ham.

That evening we felt extremely devilish as we set out in Herb's demon speed-wagon, a Ford to be exact, and Pat was certainly gleeful over the precious bottle in his hip pocket. Of course we hit straight for a country road. Elsie and Herb and Pat talked a great deal and laughed much but I was rather quiet. You see this was my first wet party and I was afraid I'd give myself away, display my ignorance on such matters, if I talked too much. But I laughed merrily every time they did and pretended to be wise.

At last, off the main-traveled road, Herb stopped the gas-chariot and we unpacked the lunch. When the lid was removed that cheese fairly jumped out at us, the crackers were crisp, and the liverwurst delicious. Then Pat drew out the treasured bottle (it looked to me like a bottle of piano polish), and opened it, while Herb and Elsie looked on with baited breath and gleeful little gurgles. "Pop!" said the cork, and "Oh boy!" said Pat.

"Aren't we having fun?" giggled Elsie.

I took one sip—it was awful! The others took several sips and seemed to enjoy it. There were three

of them and only a pint bottle so it didn't take long to empty it. Then we ate a little more and motored back to town, happy in the belief that we had been extremely devilish and had staged a wild party!

The truth will out, so I must add—that bottle had contained HEK!

The Shooting of Dan McStew

A bunch of the boys was whooping it up
At the old Red-eye saloon,
And the guy at the pianola box
Was dishing a jazz-time tune.
Up at the free lunch counter
Stood the ravenous Dan McStew,
And watching him eat without buying a drink
Was the bartender, known as Lou.

Were you ever out in the great Alone
Without even a glass of beer,
And the icy mountains hemmed you in
With a hem you could almost hear?
Gosh! How he looks as he rolls up his sleeves,
The bartender, known as Lou.

I ducked my head as the gin-mill shook
And two men hit the floor—
A night owl hooted as one was booted
Clean out the open door;
Flat on his nose in the Arctic snows
Slid the ravenous Dan McStew,
And behind the bar, without even a scar,
Stood the bartender, known as Lou.

*There was a young lady named Milly
Whose actions were what you'd call silly.
She went to a ball,
Dressed in nothing at all,
Pretending to represent Chile.*

Hints to Gents

The Latest Authorities on Gentlemanly and Fascinating Conduct Insist upon the Following:

If you invite a lady to go to the theater, neglect not to leave her and go out and drink with your male friends between the acts, as this will show that you have confidence that she can protect herself; and if you fall asleep during the play it will be a great thing for you, as it will show that you are too much interested in her to take any interest in the play, and besides she has the sweet privilege of imagining you are dreaming of her.

Much depends upon your conduct at the table. To give one a good idea of your gentility, take your napkin and tie it around your neck as a bib, turn up your coat sleeves and fall to, without paying any attention to the lady who sits next you, for ladies do not like to be disturbed at meals. To show that you relish your food, let your mastication be quite audible. When you drink to a lady, say "Here's mud in your eye," smack your lips and say "Ha."

The most direct and sure way to fascinate a lady is to excite in her heart a spirit of rivalry through jealousy. A common method of procedure is to get daguerreotypes of the family cook and waitress and display them as having been sent you by two highly respectable and wealthy ladies who were pursuing you.

If you intend to call on a lady in the evening, do not neglect to drink liquor several times during the day. This will give spirits to your conversation, while it will enable you to perfume the whole house with a fragrance which can be equalled only by a first-class goat.

Poor Richard Revised

Stop eating before you get full.
Stop drinking before you get drunk.
Stop working before you get tired.
Stop loving before you get married.

Sea Captain (to one of many leaning over ship rail)—Weak stomach, my lad?

Boy (nervously)—Why, ain't I putting it as far as the rest of them?

What Did You Get?

When I was a baby, I wanted—

A lake of milk, a pack of dogs, an automatic rattle and a license to pull cats' tails.

I got—

Castor-oil, abominable kisses from admiring old women, continual imprisonment in a stuffy nursery—stuck by safety pins.

When I was twenty-one, I wanted—

The companionship of a chorus girl whose kisses tasted like grease-paint, a job that would allow me enough time to see all the prize fights, a wife who was slender, graceful and beautifully brunette—like Norma Talmadge; who didn't care how many nights I played poker, and who could make biscuits like "mother used to make."

I got—

Jugged for ten days because I tried to kiss a chorus girl; a job that kept me busy figuring all day and correcting my mistakes at night; a wife who was fat and artificially blonde; who kept me chained in nights as if I were a wild animal; whose biscuits ran my dental bill up to \$3,000 a year.

When I was an old man, I wanted—

A quiet little cottage by the sea, a good pipe, a library of red-blooded fiction, and immunity from visitors.

I got—

A country home designed by my wife, week-end house parties with jabbering social fops, worried to death by golf nuts, a library of the works of Elizabethan poets—warning from a society physician that I must quit smoking.

When I died, I wanted—

A quiet, inexpensive funeral and a grave in a country churchyard.

I got—

A \$20,000 funeral, presided over by a bored pastor, who was irritated because he was missing a game of golf; attended by a hundred overjoyed relatives mentioned in my will; a grave in a cemetery bounded by a glue factor on one side and a truck highway on the other.

The Romance Ruined

Venus, take my votive glass,
Since I am not what I was.
What from this day I shall be,
Venus! let me never see.

—Plato, 300 B. C.

The night had come and he had come. He was coming strong. In fact he was all set. His head trembled in rhythmic harmony with the emotional vibrations of his subconscious intellect. Tonight was the night. If the worst came to worst—and all indications pointed to the fact that the worst was coming—he was going to pop his last question as a carefree bachelor. Yes, it was true, he was going to exchange his fascinating freedom for a matrimonial meal ticket. She was wealthy and could buy him gold-tipped Milos—beautiful Milos with their tantalizing violet odor. Glowingly he hesitated, palpitating parenthetically as he rushed past the door and grasped her hands with feverish caution.

The girl, not to be disappointing to the erotic sensitivities of the responsive reader, was the typical wonder-woman. Her eyes sparkled like the glowing embers of a log fire after it is out. Her chin was delicious to gaze upon, and her teeth were like pearl-oyster shells. Besides, she had the ruddy complexion of the outdoor girl—The Skin You Love to Touch. The athletic build and the athletic skin of the Blue Ridge backwoodsman. . . . Now you know how much he needed her—and the Milos.

"Millie," he coughed, with the technique of a hippopotamus emerging from its palmy pool, "I have a question to quiz at you, but I don't know how to break the fatal news."

"Oh, I know, Martin," she eagerly exurgitated, pushing him backwards into a bevy of bubbling cushions enthusiastically twisted into a formless flock on the form-fit couch. "I know what you mean. But hadn't you better meet Mamma first? She mentioned today that she would like to meet the man I had determined to rope in. She heard your voice over the banister last night, and you can hardly blame her for being so curious.

"She knows you're a perfect dear and she can tell by the tone of your voice that you wear purple pajamas every Tuesday night. Shall I call her in?"

"Yes," he burbled, lugubriously, "and bring on the eats, too."

. . . . And then he looked!

Hastily he tumbled to his tip-toes. His lips parted in a

mean, meandering moan. His dream was ended; his bubble was busted; his romance ruined. He could stand for many things, but not for a jealous mother-in-law.

Only yesterday he had picked up Mamma on Chestnut street.

When a woman is sulky and will not speak—Exiter.

If she gets too excited—Controller.

If she talks too much—Interrupter.

If her ideas and yours do not jibe—Converter.

If she is willing to come half way—Meter.

If she comes all the way—Receiver.

If she wants to go further—Conductor.

If she wants to go all the way—Dispatcher.

If she goes up in the air—Condenser.

If she wants chocolates—Feeder.

"Say you," yelled his Satanic Majesty, as a newly arrived soul sauntered casually across the red-hot cinders towards him, "what do you mean by acting like that? Do you think you own Hell?"

"I ought to," replied the addressed gentleman in a grieved voice, "my wife was giving it to me right along."

She came tripping up the aisle

Dressed up so prim and neat.

I couldn't resist a girl like that;

I offered her my seat.

Soon after we went 'round a curve,

I did some antics fleet;

My little ideal curtly said,

"Get the hell off my feet."

I dreamt I died last night.

What woke you up.

The heat.

The Girl I Left Behind

*I've travelled thru France and thru England,
 Made love to the girls here and there,
 Kissed chic demoiselles in old Paris,
 Made love to the Svenskas, so fair,
 I've held in my lap German frauleins,
 And dark senoritas from Spain,
 Know ladies from Norway and Russia;
 I'm thru with them *** never again!
 I've seen them all, dark, light or medium,
 Short and tall, big and small, every kind,
 And I'm sailing tomorrow from Europe,
 To the girl that I left behind
 For:*

*Her color is English,
 Her back is French,
 Her mouth is Russian, too,
 Her hair is Swedish,
 Her eyebrows Dutch,
 Her eyes are Irish blue,
 From Italy she got her pep,
 And 't'was in Spain she learned to step,
 She's loving, faithful, kind*

*.....
 I kiss my darling in the hall,
 And feel that I am kissing all
 The girls I left behind!*

Old Maiden (affectionately)—You are a boy after my own heart.

Diligent Suitor—No, after your real estate.

Weak—Was she shy when you asked her age?

Strong—Yes, about ten years.

She Did, You Know

*Somebody said she was young,
But that didn't worry me;
I made a date—we stayed out late,
Got home at quarter to three.*

*She's young, I cannot deny it,
She's young as she can be—
But she and her line, her wonderful line,
Sure made a big fool out of me!*

"Hey, how much is nine times 13?"
"One hundred and seventeen. Can't you do that?"
"Eventually, of course; but fools multiply rapidly."

She—What are you thinking about?
He—Just what you're thinking about.
She—If you do, I'll scream.

*"All right there?" called the conductor from the
front of the car.*

"Hold on," came a feminine voice.

"Wait till I get my clothes on."

*The entire carful turned and craned their necks ex-
pectantly. A girl got on with a basket of laundry.*

Age—What right have you to swear before me?
Youth—How could I know you wanted to swear first?

*"Give her a wide berth!" yelled the conductor, as the 300-
pound Venus boarded the sleeper.*

*Her eyes are blue, her hair is gold,
My love and all, she seems to hold,
By all the Gods, I love her so
But I love more, her old man's dough.*

Advice to the Undecided

(By Miss Deall)

Dear Miss Deall:

I am a sweet, virtuous, home-loving young girl of forty-five. My love affairs have all been failures, but my lunch-hook is yet out. My name is Miranda and I have enclosed a picture so that you may possibly tell me why I have not had any success in matrimony. What name goes well with mine?

MIRANDA LOOPFSH.

Dear Miranda:

Judging by your picture I might offer the suggestion that the too generous use of said map has turned many a man's head. Practice charm and eat a few "Charms" daily, and perhaps a few of the many scowls on your face will make a smile. Your lack of wim and wigor has affected your chances also, and the man's name which would go well with yours isn't in the Lloyd's register,—I'm sorry.

Dear Miss Deall:

My name is Frances Short and I am six feet two inches in height and weigh one hundred pounds flat. Everybody gives me the once-over on the street, but nobody seems to like me. How do you account for this and how may I grow smaller

FRANCES.

Dear Frances:

It is too bad that you weren't standing up when you were weighed as I can judge much better that way. I have looked at these human Woolworth buildings myself. I can't understand why nobody likes you un-

less it is due to the fact that your latitude and longitude give you no direction whatever. A method for reducing your height is to go into a room that is quite small, rather low, and stand up straight. If the ceiling withstands the shock you will have decreased at least an inch. Do this as long as you can find suitable rooms.

Dear Miss Deall:

I really have so many girls that I don't know what to do with them. I have quite a bit of money and they all let me take them anywhere, but none will settle down with me. What shall I do?

JOHN.

Dear John:

Your name is very appropriate, in fact I'm quite sorry you didn't enclose your address. Perhaps if you add a little "sand" to your constitution you would have better luck at procuring a soul mate. Treat the girls rough, John, and make them buy the ice cream once or twice, then they will fall for you.

Dear Miss Deall:

My lover gave me a beautiful silk thing for my birthday and his falls later in the month. What shall I give him? I am cross-eyed and bow-legged. How may this be remedied?

MURIEL.

Dear Muriel:

(Sounds like an oil painting.) I would suggest a few suits of the well known B. V. D.'s as being very appropriate for your lover's birthday gift. To relieve the cross-eyes: Paint a dot in each corner of one side

of a room and look at one with each eye. As soon as they click they are back in place. To relieve your "cuteness" I should say practice spelling the OTHER letter of the word "ox" for a change and be sure and have the knees just touching.

Ain't It So?

Good gold watch in pawn shop,
Diamond pin in hock,
A hundred sundry creditors,
And I haven't got a rock.

Sixteen dollars overdrawn,
Room rent months unpaid.
All because I've fallen,
Fallen for a maid.

Take her out to dinner,
Seven bucks the throw.
They can't arrest a bankrupt,
So let the money go.

Are the Years Longer in Russia?

Sam Muscovich applied yesterday to Jacob Stein, federal building, for passport papers so he could return to Russia to see his wife and three children.

"I have been away eight years and have not seen my family in that length of time," he said.

"How old are your children?" Stein asked.

"One is 5, one is 3, and the youngest 1 year old.

"Better go home and think that answer over," said Stein.

Did you ever start to blow your nose at a concert, stop, and think of what the noise would sound like and then snifle?

Did you ever split a pair of aces to draw to a possible ace-high straight and pull another ace?

Your darn right you did.

She—What would you call a man who hid behind a woman's skirts?

He—A magician.

Directions for Removing Coupon Below

Place the thumb and forefinger of the left hand lightly against the cusp of the perihelion, and with the right hand seize the coupon firmly at a distance of three glaubs from the median line. Now, with the free hand, insert the other end of a soup-spoon into the slot formed by the differential expansion of the two parts, and twist sharply upward. As soon as the coupon has cooled sufficiently, repeat the operation, taking care to see that the commutator does not spark excessively. Run a can-opener lightly over the perforations, and scrape off any adhering crust. Set the coupon aside for an hour. At the end of this time, if all steps have been carried out carefully, in accordance with these directions, the coupon will be free of insoluble silicates, and the fibre stress along the neutral axis will have increased to approximately 30,000 louie-derrs. Test several portions of the coupon with a stethoscope to make sure of this. As soon as the results check to half a per cent, clamp the coupon down at all four corners, and make it as comfortable as possible. When it becomes quiet, watch your opportunity, and wallop its centroid, gently yet persuasively, with a bung-starter. This will free the coupon from the rest of the page.

It may now be filled out in the usual way.

I,, being sound of
Full name (or sober)
mind and body, do hereby and herewith apply for one dose of FUN,
to be taken at intervals over a period of twelve months at the cost
(to myself) of \$2.00, for which amount I enclose my check. My address is:

.....
.....

Address:
The Magazine of FUN
800 N. Clark St.
Chicago, Ill.

?



**The Two Little Dimes
You Invest in this Publication
May Mark the Convulsion Point
of Your Career**



